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Testing

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Testing

By: Kaitlin Morrissey

I watch as scrunched faces and ‘remedial’ minds work
On the fourteenth page of the eighth standardized test this
Year. The four hours of paper and pen feel like solitary
Confinement.

Which might be something they have to get used to
With the three grade levels below benchmark and endless
Trips to the principal’s office. More time later in
Confinement.

But the slavery that exists now is supported by red,
White, and blue flags everywhere. Better education,
Better scores, better citizens. If only that’s how it went.

It usually means another trip around the sixth-grade track,
Only to fall over the same hurdles, never able to get the foot
Over the fraction bars and number lines.

Obviously parents are to blame—their inability to show
Their child how to do their homework is neglect. But
They live on their own track—a life sentence to minimum
Wage and poverty.

Race is a cloak that changes how life is seen and how
Others see you. My cloak only let me see the white hue
And beauty of the world.

Only through the image of so many black faces
In a school with no money and such a focus on those
Fucking tests did I see how a people could all be held in
Confinement.